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I do not speak of these things in any fault-finding humor, and use the several circumstances alluded to merely to illustrate and substantiate my positions, which may be summed up as follows: The organization of the Art Department of the Centennial Exhibition was neglected until success was greatly endangered if not rendered impossible. The organization, delayed until haste was unavoidable, was effected without due consideration, and the right men for the right places were not forthcoming. As a further consequence, some things have been done which ought not to have been done, and very many things which ought to have been done have been sadly neglected.

I make these strictures, then, not to be censorious, but to give the readers of THE ALDINE, once for all, to understand that there must be allowances made for the Centennial Art Department; and the length and breadth of that matter being established, we can proceed to consider the Exhibition in detail, without stumbling over the shortcomings with too annoying frequency.

The display as a whole is wanting in grandeur; there are no splendid galleries, no impressive perspectives—dividing partitions everywhere cutting up the view and destroying general effects. This has been, perhaps, unavoidable in consequence of the great amount of wall surface required; but such being the case, it is a pity that the nave of Memorial Hall, the only apartment left intact, could not have been finished in time for the opening.

The display of new works by known American artists is disappointingly small. Many of our painters held in highest esteem are only represented by familiar pictures previously exhibited at the National Academy or in private galleries. This is partly accounted for by the fact that few or none of the contributions from Americans in Europe have yet been received. The United States Government undertook to convey these contributions across the Atlantic, but assigned the storeship *Supply* for the service. The *Supply* is one of the dullest old sailing-vessels in the navy, and may yet be weeks on the way. What she is bringing I do not know; but I do know when it became known in London, Paris and Rome that a slow sailing-ship was to transport the offerings from Europe, several of the artists declined to send by such a conveyance.

I do not mean to charge any part of the responsibility for this unfortunate affair upon the Art Bureau. I presume that they had nothing to do with it and that they regret the failure involved as sincerely as we others do. But I do think a straightforward explanation and a vigorous remonstrance addressed by the Bureau to the Navy Department in time would have straightened out the difficulty with trifling trouble. I have heard it stated that a request from sources entitled to recognition would have procured the assignment of a returning steam frigate from the trans-Atlantic fleet to take the place of the *Supply*. Whether likely to prove successful or not, it seems to me that it would have been well if such a request had been preferred.

And now my story is done so far as growling is concerned. The vast collection of works of art, estimated to number sixty thousand objects, is before us. Let us enjoy it to the full. Let us gain from it the most instruction we can. Let it be to us a benefit and a blessing. And oh, my brethren, let me ask of you all to remember that a work of art is made for the eyes and the eyes alone. Only the artist's hand should ever touch it. A thirst for information, laudable in itself, perhaps, incites us to put to the test of other senses the precious work intended solely for sight. Pray repress the longing to lay hands on the exquisite marble or finger the delicate painting, however great the desire to know "how smooth it feels" or how gratifying the acquisition of knowledge that paint is not very hard. I am aware that the readers of THE ALDINE are not of the class given to experiments of the character here indicated, but I would fain have them join me in reiterating these warning invocations. The Art Bureau has been neglectful, as stated, in the matter of affording sufficient protection, and I notice already the inquiring thumb-mark on more

than one piece of statuary, and the scratch of the indicating umbrella on more than one picture. Let us raise our voices in protest forthwith, in the hope that the great Exhibition may teach our people to look at works of art with their eyes and not to touch them with their hands.

—John V. Sears.

THE HERO OF POTTERY.

"PEACE hath her victories not less renowned than War" is not alone true of the triumphs in statecraft or in diplomacy, which have served to place the names of great civilians on the world's roll of honor alongside of those of great warriors—heroes of an hundred slaughters. The victories won by patient, life-long effort, by hard work, by unswerving devotion of self to a worthy object in art, in literature, in science; objects which, achieved, shall make better, happier or more beautiful the lives and homes of others, shall increase their knowledge and lighten their burdens—these are among the great victories of Peace, and those who achieve them the real generals to be crowned when the triumph of Peace has been decreed. It is seldom that these victors over the secrets and the forces of nature are crowned in their lifetime: the laurel may decorate their busts in the Pantheon, but their brows seldom feel the grateful pressure of the wreath. Their victories have been slowly won—not *momento horæ*, as Horace says the soldier's are—and proportionately slow is their reward in coming. Their decoration, it is better to say, perhaps, for it may be doubted whether the soul which can conceive such a goal and carry its possessor on to its attainment does not reap its best reward in success, and whether the tardily given honor does not at last come in rather as the mark and reminder of a reward already enjoyed than as a reward in itself. Surely it is to be hoped that this may be the case; since, were it otherwise, it would be sad to contemplate the long procession of disappointed heroes who must have gone unrecognized to the grave.

One of these heroes, little recognized during his life, and little known to the many, even now, nearly three centuries after his death, yet who, for his lifelong devotion to a worthy idea, as well as for his great achievements, deserves the highest honors, is Bernard Palissy,—Palissy the Potter, as he is so often called; justly enough, too, as the epithet places him at the head of all potters—for surely such another never existed; but unjustly, as it makes him seem to have been only a potter, when he was so much and so many things besides.

The story of his life has been often enough told, yet it never loses its interest and its romance. By dates and deeds the record is a short one and soon told. Born at Capelle-Biron, near Agen, in 1510, he was educated without reference to or knowledge of pottery or anything connected therewith, unless painting on glass could be so termed, an occupation which he alternated with the practice of surveying. When about thirty years of age, having become inspired by some specimens of pottery, the origin of which is not fully known, he resolved to devote himself to solving the mystery of their manufacture; and then began his struggles and his troubles. Through poverty and through hunger; beset by the sneers, the gibes, the denunciations and almost violence of his unbelieving neighbors; the remonstrances of friends and relations; harder yet, by the enforced poverty and privations of wife and children; hardest of all, by the coldness and estrangement and reproaches of the wife to whom he would have looked for the sympathy and encouragement denied him elsewhere, but who could not walk where he walked, nor see what pictures the future showed him—through all these opposing troubles he struggled, until, at the age of forty-five, he saw himself victorious. The secret no man would teach him he had wrung from nature herself, and henceforth he was her master. Yet did not his reward come at once. During his labors he had become a Protestant—a dangerous change of faith in the France of those days—and to denunciation for fanatical persistence in heating ovens succeeded religious persecution, and he found himself imprisoned at Bordeaux. His

artistic work saved him, however, and he was released to become "maker of the king's rustic pottery" to Henry II., with a residence on the site where now stands the Palace of the Tuileries. When that palace was built, Palissy decorated it; and so art, like a faithful mistress, again saved him from destruction, the massacre of St. Bartholomew passing him by.

But Palissy was not only a potter, though it is for that he is now chiefly honored. He was a chemist; and it has been said of him, that he was to Chemistry what Lord Bacon was to Natural Philosophy; and his work, *Traité de l'art de terre* has been styled "the Novum Organum of Chemistry." Besides this, he wrote treatises on marls, on waters and springs, in which he is said to have given the whole theory of artesian wells; in short, he showed himself not only an artist, but a man of the greatest erudition and industry as well. His troubles were not all ended. In 1588 he was thrown by the League into the Bastille, where, two years later, he died, by no means the least illustrious name in the necrology of that prison. For more than a century he was ignored, but Fontanelle and Buffon gave him due praise as the scientist, and the world has crowned the artist. It is not strange, perhaps, that the contemporaries of Palissy should have ignored him—it is by no means an uncommon fate for genius; besides which, the times in which he lived were not especially favorable to artists or philosophers; or, at least, were not favorable to speedy and hearty recognition of their merits. It is a little strange, however, that the whole of the seventeenth century should have gone by without any notice being taken of labors so valuable. His *manes* may be appeased for any lack of due appreciation felt by him in life; for in the reviving interest in ceramic art, even fragments of Palissy's work are becoming valuable, and, last great test of merit, his manufactures are being counterfeited and imitated. —Sidney Grey.

SCHWERIN.

Among the grand duchies absorbed by the German Empire was that of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the ruling house of which—the house of Mecklenburg—is the oldest in Germany, that land of old aristocracies. The original territory of Mecklenburg, which took its name from the village of Miklinberg, and was inhabited by a race of mixed Germanic and Slavic origin, was early divided into the two grand duchies of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, of which the latter was by far the larger and more important. The general aspect of the country is flat, except only one range of not very high hills which form the water-shed between the Elbe and the Baltic. Scattered over the surfaces of both the grand duchies are numerous lakes, of which Lake Müritz is the largest and Lake Malchin the most noted for its beautiful scenery of all those in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Schwerin, the capital of the grand duchy, is built on the west shore of the lake of the same name—a sheet of water about fourteen miles long by three in breadth, into the southern end of which empties the Elde, while at its northern end the Stor drains its waters into the Baltic.

The town is divided into the Altstadt, Neustadt, Vorstadt and Paulstadt, and is surrounded by a wall pierced by seven gates. Of the divisions, the first named—the old town—is mentioned as a strong fortress as early as the year 1018; the other divisions are, however, more modern and more attractive to the visitor.

Notwithstanding its small size—its population is about twenty-six thousand—Schwerin contains many fine streets and handsome buildings, very much having been done in this way for the town by the Grand Duke Paul Frederick, who made it his residence from 1837 until his death in 1842, and who, in addition to the improvements he himself effected, left in his successors and the inhabitants a desire for further works of the same sort, one of the fruits of which is seen in the great castle, the grand ducal palace, of which we give an excellent engraving. Begun in 1845, it was thirteen years in building, and is, with its surrounding pleasure-grounds, one of the most beautiful and attractive modern public buildings in Europe. It